N°. X.

THE

THESPIAN MIRROR.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 1, 1806.

THESPIAN RIOT.

[*WE extract the following from a London magazine.—It shows to what an extent the irritation of popular assemblies can be carried, and should* our *audiences be restive under the restrictions of* no segars to be smoked; *the managers may refer them to the following terrifying history of* Theatrical fracas,]

THE entertainments announced for the evening were, the Opera of *La Clemenza di Scipione*; the ballet of *Paul et Verginie* by way of *Divertisment*, at the end of the second act of the Opera; and the second act of the new Ballet of *Ossian*, (comprising *three acts*, whenever it has been represented as a full piece). This arrangement, we understand was made with the laudable desire of complying with an intimation lately given from high ecclesiastical authority, "that the performances on Saturday night should not be protracted beyond twelve o'Clock;" a restriction with which, it may be fairly presumed, no person who frequents the Opera was unacquainted.

On referring to the hour at which the second act of the Ballet was concluded, it was found that the curtain had been dropped at half past eleven o'Clock. The audience, very erroneously, as we understand, conceived that, had the last act of the Ballet been also performed, the whole representation might have been terminated before twelve. This impression upon the minds of the younger part of the audience incensed them to a very great degree; and instead of retiring from the Pit, they kept their places, and expressed their disapprobation, by loud hissings and hootings. No person coming forward to give any kind of explanation, a more turbulent spirit began to show itself; and those who were most violent, set about committing acts of unwarrantable outrage. First they proceeded to the orchestra, seized the books of music, tore them to pieces, and scattered them over the stage.—Their fury was next exerted to destroy the tin lamps

made use of to light the musicians. About this time, some of the servants of the Theatre, aware of the tumultuous proceedings, came into the Orchestra, in order to save as much of the materials as possible. They were, however, soon compelled to evacuate it by the active part of the audience. One of them, indeed, in the *pell mell* and confusion of the *riot*, escaped with the valuable Harp; but another, not so successful, was taken as he was effecting his retreat with a Double Bass. The assailants, being thus disappointed of part of the objects of their revenge, took ample amends from what was left behind. They completely destroyed an elegant grand Piano Forte, estimated at the value of 100 guineas, by breaking it to atoms; they broke every article they could lay their hands upon, among which were Double Basses, Violins, and Bassoons; and not satisfied with this, they pulled down the partition of the orchestra, and made almost a level passage between the Pit and the Stage.

After this *storm*, there appeared a *calm* for a few moments, and it was hoped that the mischief would end here; but it turned out, that what had happened was only an *earnest* of what was to come. At one sweep, a gentleman, armed with a large stick, destroyed the whole range of foot lamps in the front of the stage, which was at this time crowded with the audience from the pit, some of whom proceeded to attack the scenery with redoubled fury. A sky-scene was rent to pieces, and they began upon the side scenes, when a large portion of scenery from the top (called the *flies*) fell upon the stage with great violence. Several hats were knocked off, but fortunately no person was injured by the accident. This was supposed to have been done, not with a view to hurt, but to intimidate the assailants from keeping possession of the stage. It had in some degree the desired effect; as a great many of them abandoned the part of the stage so exposed, though they did not wholly retreat from it. They ransacked the lower boxes for chairs, which they took upon the stage, and into different parts of the house, and threw them at the chandeliers, which were elegant and costly. As the glass flew, the clamour increased; the achievements of one encouraged another, and the attack became general.

In the midst of this confusion Mr. Kelly appeared, evidently much hurt at the disgraceful proceedings which had taken place. It was with difficulty we could make out what he said during the partial hearing that he obtained; but we understood him to have stated—"that the Manager, in what he did with respect to the curtailment of the *Ballet*, was governed by the orders he received from the Public-office at Bow-street, issued at the instigation of the Bishop of London; and which were, in effect, not to permit the performance to be protracted beyond twelve o'clock on Saturday night; why the curtain had dropped so soon as the time mentioned, he could not attempt to account for." This explanation not proving satisfactory, the Ballet Master, Mr. D'Egville, was next called upon, who said, that

his instructions were to drop the curtain at the conclusion of the *second act* of the *Ballet*, and he had done so accordingly. Mr. Goold was then loudly called for; when Mr. Kelly stepped forward, and assured the audience, "that he was not in town." The fact, as we have since learned, was perfectly true; Mr. Goold having, with a large party, dined at the cottage of Mr. Walsh Porter, on the Banks of the Thames. Violent clamour ensued. Mr. Kelly, Mr. D'Egville, and Mr. Jewell, were indiscriminately called for. Even the Right Rev. Prelate, at whose desire the regulation was established (in the then humour of the house) came in for a large share of abuse; and some of the silly rioters actually proposed *that he should be sent for to answer for kimself!* It was now about one o'clock, and they had ceased for some time their outrageous proceedings, partly from not having matter to work upon, and because their attention had been directed to the observations of Mr. Kelly, which seemed to have made a momentary impression; but when he had withdrawn himself, some of the most active gentlemen began to look out for more employment, both for themselves and the reinforcements which were continually pouring in. Having destroyed all the chandeliers within their reach from the ground-floor, they now considered how they should get at those at a greater distance. For that purpose small detachments went in search of unoccupied boxes, from which they could get within *shot* of the *enemy*. Having taken a position, the heroes attacked the chandeliers with great spirit, and made them *fly* in every direction; till there were not more than about ten of those useful ornaments left out of 32, the number at the commencement of HOSTILITIES. It was in vain that the cry of *shame! shame!* was vociferated from different parts of the house.

SOPHIA WOODBINE.

A Tale of Truth from the MSS. of a Lady.

(Concluded from our last.)

The next time I saw him he came and took by force, what I would no deliver by other means. My tears, intreaties and protestations were ineffectual. He accused me of committing a crime, which never entered my thought. In the fury of his anger, he ordered handcuffs for me, and declared he would not leave me till my hair was taken off, and my skin dyed, that, to use his own expression, "my cursed beauty might deceive no more!!!"

Under these impressions did that man, whom vice had so transformed leave me————and with such sensations did I see him depart for London, in order to procure a sort of Duenna to watch over my conduct.

What could I do?—I conceived myself in a manner drowning, and like the poor expiring wretch, caught at a very straw to bear me up. I had no other refuge (ever be the act erased from my recollection) and whispered by some ill-fated demon, I resolved to follow CARROL! I flew to his arms—who being about to embark for America, I readily left England, the scene of all my miseries, deserting my infatuated husband of whom I never after heard!

On my passage across the Atlantic, I found the man with whom I was connected, to be an hypocritical wretch, who searched only to wrest from me my virtue—and soon after my arrival in Fredericksburg (Virginia) he left me —— here was I again helpless and unprotected, momentously expecting to introduce a tender babe, to more, far more misery, than the mother ever tasted. Merciful God! what a prospect for an unhappy parent.

You know, madam, the rest of my history. It was soon after this circumstance that you relieved my wants by placing me in a respectable situation, where at this moment I remain; and while the lately miserable SOPHIA WOODBINE retraces her history in her care-worn mind, and often drops a tributary tear over her former miseries, her little LILLA wipes the big drops of sorrow from her eye, who anxiously looks forward to the time when her child may be situated in the full possession of that happiness, which her mother only tasted to regret its loss.

And now, madam, permit me to close my voluminous, and I fear uninteresting, detail, by wishing that *you* may enjoy that happiness which has been to me denied, and that ELINORA HERTFORD may never taste the cup of sorrow which has been exhausted by

SOPHIA WOODBINE.

TRANSLATIONS FROM FENELON.

In perusing some of the works of the amiable and philosophic FENELON, *the Editor met with the following scraps; and struck with their beauty, immediately translated them into his native language: The ideas of the former, which he has considered as peculiarly applicable in every respect to his own situation, are most sincerely reciprocated.*

STRIVE TO MERIT PRAISE, BUT FLY FROM IT.

I ask as a favour, that I may be no longer *flattered*:—Not because I do not esteem the good opinion of persons of judgment, but that I am fearful of becoming covetous of that which corrupts man—fills him with self love, and renders him vain and presumptuous. The greatest tyrants have ever been found to have had the greatest flatterers.

—No—would you convince me that in sincerity you love me—tell of my faults—not beauties——believe that I would *court modesty*, and *fear vanity*—and that I shall ever consider him, who strives to *amend my errors*, as more worthy my confidence, than the man, who from a blind affection, would proclaim my praises.

THE SEDUCTIONS OF LOVE.

Nothing appears at first sight with more innocence, more sweetness, more ingenuousness, or more complacency than LOVE. He seems always elated—ever fascinating, and ever joyous:—We believe that happiness lives in all his smiles. But alas! Sorrow dwells with his caresses—We perceive not his barbed arrow, until we feel the fatal poison! Malicious—deceitful boy! Thou only flatterest to deceive, and when thou smilest, it is but at thine own cruelty!

The American Stage.

Imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis.....Cicero.
The Imitation of Life...the Mirror of Manners...the Transcript of Truth

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

"*'Tis with our judgments, as our watches... none*
"*Go just alike,...but each believes his own.*"

MONDAY, FEB. 24.

Castle Spectre (M. G. Lewis)—*Turs from Tripoli* (altered from Dibdin's "Naval Pillar," localised by Mr. CHARNOCK of the Theatre.)

Mr. YOUNG in Osmond, discovered some happy flights of genius. The scene of the dream, might have been much better played. We have seen COOPER, HODGKINSON, RUTLEY, and some other celebrated actors in that part, who gave the description of the vision, with an effect, which might be said to

——— "*Freeze [the chill'd] blood,*
Make each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

We are sorry to find that it is becoming habitual to Mr. YOUNG to *clip* his words, as if he were so covetous of them, that he would part with no more than half.

That's villainous; so pray you avoid it."

Mr. HOGG, made a good *Father Philip* He really seems

———"*a humorous, odd, fantastic soul,*
Without finesse, originally droll."

Mr. TYLER as the feeling and revengeful *Hassan*, revolting at past injury and oppression, was dignified and eloquent We did not see "a fool! a fool! a *motley* fool!" in Mr. SHAPTER's representation.

Mr. MARTIN's *Earl Percy** assumed too puerile and insignificant a cast. We never felt want of an able supporter of comic old women, than in the *Alice* of this evening. Mrs. HALLAM in the ghost of the murdered Evelina,

"*Spoke with a most miraculous organ!!*"

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* *The tables and chair in the scene of his confinement should not have been placed in a situation which seemed to invite Percy's flight.* This may be chance, but there's method in it.

Mrs. VILLIERS sustained *Angela* very creditably. We think this lady might improve her speaking by passing less frequently from the *lower* to the *higher* tones of her voice. Her *higher* notes have much sweetness, and believing they are more accordant to her *natural* manner, we should be pleased to hear her generally speak in that key.

The afterpiece went off with tumultuous applause, and reiterated *huzzas*. It is a very pleasant ephemeral trifle, altered with some judgment. It might be improved by curtailment, particularly in the revel of the sailors. Some of the scenery was very superb: And although no connoisseurs, we were highly gratified with the music.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 26.

Will, or *School for Daughters* (F. Reynolds)—*Adopted Child*.

In the absence of Mrs. JONES, occasioned by indisposition, the sprightly and interesting character of *Albina* was undertaken at a few hours notice by Mrs. VILLIERS: who, it is but justice to add, approved herself a very able subsitute. She personated the sea officer *Herbert*, with spirit, vivacity and a becoming degree of assurance: and certainly deserves well of the public, for her unremitted exertions to please.

Mr. TYLER in the character of *Manderille;* and Mr. HOGG as the representative of *Sir Solomon Cynic*, acquitted themselves very successfully. Mr. MARTINS acting in the part of *Howard* ought not to be passed over without commendation. If Mrs. WHEATLY (*ci devant* Miss Ross) would assume a little sprightliness and animation, she would undoubtedly meet encouragement; she is not deficient in talents. We have seldom seen a happier effort in Mr. HALLAM, jun. than in the drunken scene of *Veritas*.

FRIDAY, FEB. 28.

Bunker Hill (Burke)—*Tars from Tripoli, &c.* (Dibdin and Charnock.)

This evening's performances consisted of *trash*—the representations with a few exceptions, beneath criticism.

FUGITIVE LUCUBRATIONS.
NO. IV.

My friend BOB HELICON has a most inveterate itch for versifying—In town or country he is the same—His notes of compliment, and his letters on business are all written under the eye of the muses; and I received from him no longer since than yesterday, a *Pindaric Ode*, requesting me to forward his *fowling piece* which he had left at the smith's for repairs; accompanied with an *anacreontic* order for a *dozen of claret*. He has contrived to spin out his own name into three stanzas, and my friend Stylish shewed me the other day with a *grin*, a *sonnet* which Bob Helicon has just sent him, requesting the pleasure of his company at dinner.—For *my* part, although I have known for years this whimsical votary of Parnassus, I can't say that I ever saw a sentence of his prose. As a specimen of Bob's manner I shall subjoin an extract from an epistle in rhyme (for he writes no other) which he sent me last week from the country.—His *personal oddities* I should have concealed, but as he seems so disposed to

sport with them, why let them out—After lashing the sides of his muse for the space of about a dozen stanzas he thus continues,

Well—I think in my stile,
I'm improving the while,
From the first to the last of my letter;
And if I go on with the rage I begun,
The devil's in't but I'll write you still better.
But prithee I say, is the town growing gay?
Or the circles 'yclept the *politer*?
Where the smallest offence is 'gainst virtue and sense,
And the greater the fopling, the brighter—
Where a fine leg or shape conceals many an ape,
And a caper does more than a sonnet;
Where merit so rare is or *black*, *brown* or *fair*,
Or bestow'd on the *cut* of a *bonnet*———

I can pursue the bard no farther, for his ill-nature becomes really insupportable. He quarrels with the whole round of *fashionable virtues*, and then in the frenzy of censoriousness, quarrels with his own muse, whom he seems to be

"Bridling in with pain,"

when in the following strain of *elegant* dialogue, he proceeds,

Bard—Hold, hold with your stuff!—Sure I've written enough.
Muse—I will stop when I choose.
Bard—So you *will* Mrs. Muse!

And so on—But Mr. Editor I do not wish your fair readers to part *in a pet* with my good friend Bob; who though he may sometimes rave at them, is at heart their admirer. I shall therefore subjoin the following apostrophe, which may serve to melt them into some compassion for one, who may again steal upon their toillet hours. Bob certainly means well; and I trust his fair censors will *weep* with him, when he pathetically exclaims—

Ah, crooked leg'd Bard, thy cause is curs'd hard,
And cruel indeed thy disaster;
Not a *dimple* is thine, nor a *whisker* divine,
Nor the pigeon-wing step of a master!
Then stay thee at home with the muses, and roam
Through the fancy lit bounds of Parnassus;
And to lessen thy spite, whole iambics indite,
Nay—spare not the fashion—fed lasses!

Why (asked my friend Bob) is a fashionable woman like a *she bear*? Because (said I) she is a *bare she*! B.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. COOPER, the celebrated American ROSCIUS, is now on his way to this city, and makes his first appearance since his late absence, on Friday evening. His performances will afford to a New-York audience a choice theatrical repast. We shall no longer hear SHAKSPEARE tortured by unskilful and "unprofitable servants;" but the works of the immortal bard will burst upon us in all their pristine splendor, after being so long obscured by the clouds of ignorance and stupidity. He will remain in this city a fortnight, and then proceed to the southward.

The public are so impatient in regard to Mr. Cooper's arrival, and so anxious are they to assure themselves of witnessing his performances that all the lower boxes are already engaged for the five nights of his appearance.

Poetry.

LODINUS TO LAVINIA.

Who art thou tuneful maiden? tell me who
So sweetly stealing on the startled ear?
Can sorrow paint thee to her wilder'd view;
Or fancy trace thy semblance through the tear?

Oh thou hast touch'd a note of that sad string
Whose touch is anguish, and whose strain is woe;
Remembrance plumes her long neglected wing—
She weeps, Lavinia!—for thou wil'st it so!

With thee methinks 'twere blest indeed to weep
(Tho' years were sadden'd by the sweet employ)
O'er the lone turf where ever silent sleep
The beauteous phantoms of departed joy.

Oh could'st thou wake to life the slumb'ring train,
And bid the fairy foot one moment stay
To cheat the woe-worn pilgrim of his pain,
While meas'ring back to hope his weary way—

Could'st thou recall—but ah 'tis vain indeed
On pleasures ever parted thus to dwell;
To bid afresh, the wounded bosom bleed,
And wake the dozing anguish from its cell.

Adieu the glowing pulse; the eye of flame;
And thou fair promise of a world in smiles
Adieu!—Oh never shalt thou lure to fame
The step so oft bewilder'd in its wiles!

Adieu the wreath that beauty's touch would twine,
The val- flow'rs fragrance and the laurel's bloom—
Oh rather be the sable cypress mine!
The laurel ill-befits an unknown tomb,

Mayhap where number'd with the silent dead
The bard shall sleep, unconscious of his woes;
Beneath the willow where his form is laid,
The wearied wing of calumny may close.

And oh perhaps, (if fancy dar'd to dream
On this side heav'n a vision half so fair)
Slow stealing through the chancel's broken gleam,
Serena's pensive footstep may be there—

'Ill fated bard'! the sighs—' and has the fire
Of fervid fancy woke to sleep so soon?
Alas! no patron bade thy youth aspire,
And even love witheld her promis'd boon.

Oh if thy sainted spirit still can hear
The voice thou once wert wont to love so well;
Take this warm sigh; accept this parting tear,
And in Serena's musings ever dwell!'

LODINUS.

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